You’re Mine

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You’re Mine by Buttercup12

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Richie thinks it’s okay to flirt with whoever he wants, whenever he wants.

Eddie can’t stand that fact.

How does one game suddenly switch everything up?

You're Mine

Author's Note:

> Hi guys! Another Reddie shot today! I really like writing these! I hope you all enjoy this one! Feedback is greatly appreciated! Enjoy!

The losers were having their traditional Friday night sleepover. They started having these when they were freshman in high school, and they sort of just stuck. Now, juniors in high school, they were all grown up but still exactly the same somehow.

They were currently sitting in a circle as music blasted through the speakers.

Usually, only the seven losers were at these sleepovers, but for some reason, this time Bill allowed a handful of students from school to come over.

Three pretty girls who Bill and Bev were both friends with decided to stop by and see what the Friday night sleepovers were all about.

They seemed to be enjoying themselves, much to Eddie Kaspbrack's dismay.

You see, the girls were all nice, and Eddie actually quite liked their sense of humor, but what he didn't like, was the fact that his best friend, Richie, was currently sitting down in between two of the three, his arms wrapped around both of them, as he grinned lazily. The girls were tucked in close and one by one, they kept turning to whisper something in his ear, causing him to grin even more and sometimes even laugh.

Eddie was fuming.

Richie hardly ever found anyone else as funny as he found Eddie.

Richie and Eddie had this sort of connection when it came to humor. Even though Eddie sometimes hated Richie's crude jokes, he knew deep down that he would never stop laughing at them even if he

tried. What he loved the most about their humor was that they both always had stabs and one liners ready to throw at each other. They could sometimes go back and forth for hours, before one of them would finally give up and they would both dissolve into giggles together.

Eddie knew he was just being jealous. He's been in love with Richie for the longest time. Richie had no idea, but Eddie told Beverly all about it, and he's more than sure that the rest of the losers know, based off the knowing looks they always give him when Richie is being especially flirty or handsy wth him.

Eddie watched as one of the girls leaned her head on Richie's shoulder and closed her eyes, all while Richie simply allowed her to. He turned his head away to pay attention to girl #2, who was still giggling at whatever joke she said last.

"Spin the bottle! Let's play Spin the bottle!" Beverly Marsh suddenly yelled, getting everyone's attention.

Eddie turned and looked at her like she was crazy, because there was no way in hell his first kiss was about to be a drunken Spin the bottle kiss with anyone in here....unless it was Richie. Speaking of Richie, Eddie knew for a fact that he didn't want to have to watch Richie shove his tongue down someone else's throat.

Bev turned and made eye contact with Eddie, giving him a knowing look and a wink.

Eddie sighed and stared down at the bottle that Bill was now setting up in the middle of the floor. Everyone scooted in, except Eddie who was perfectly fine with being behind everyone else.

"Eds! Get up here! Your tiny arms can't reach the bottle from back there, silly!" Richie joked.

Eddie glared at him.

"Don't call me that, ass. And no, I don't want to play. I'll just watch."

Everyone immediately started protesting, Mike and Bill physically grabbing Eddie and carrying him up to the circle, all while Eddie

shouted and protested.

They plopped him down between Ben and Stan and Eddie sighed loudly.

”Eddie! Since you seem the most excited to play, how about you go first?” Mike teased.

Everyone laughed and nodded their heads.

Eddie suddenly felt very nervous. However, he didn’t know if it was because of the kiss or if it was because he noticed how silent Richie just became, and he noticed Richie just watching him now, seeing what Eddie would do next.

Eddie didn’t want to kiss anyone else, let alone right in front of Richie. He wanted his first kiss to be special, and perfect, with someone he cared about. Someone like Richie.

However, he noticed Richie smirk at one of the girls next to him, leaning down to peck her on the cheek, causing her to giggle wildly.

Anger spread throughout Eddie in seconds, and with that feeling, Eddie found himself suddenly reaching towards the bottle and giving it a big spin.

Time seemed to slow down as the bottle passed everyone, over and over again.

Eddie’s breathing hitched as he noticed it finally beginning to slow down. Who would it land on?

Eddie squeezed his eyes shut as the bottle finally landed to a stop in one person.

Eddie heard the group dissolve into shouts and cheers, so Eddie opened his eyes.

The bottle was pointing right at Beverly Marsh.

Eddie’s eyes widened as he watched Beverly grin and make her way over to him.

No. Hell no. His first kiss was not about to be with Bev. I mean, she's a great girl, extremely beautiful. But Eddie was not in any way attracted to her, let alone even girls.

However, he stared right into Bev's eyes as the group hushed around them. Beverly came closer and closer, finally reaching out to cup either side of Eddie's face.

Her mouth was only inches from his face and suddenly, Eddie heard her whisper three words so quietly, he barely even heard them

"Follow my lead."

Eddie stared at her in confusion but suddenly Bev leaned in and pressed her lips to his face.

However, she wasn't pressing her lips to his lips. She was pressing her lips to the very corner of his mouth.

Suddenly, Eddie understood what she was doing.

Shd knew Eddie didn't want his first kiss to be stolen this way, so she was pretending to kiss him, using her hands on his face to block the group from seeing that she was really just kissing the side of his mouth.

Eddie quickly followed her lead, cupping her face as well, and pressing his lips to the corner of her mouth.

Everyone around them began whooping and cheering, all except Richie, Eddie noticed.

Everyone was completely oblivious to the fake kissing that was going on.

Bev finally pulled back, allowing her lips to make a smacking noise off of him to make it seem like they were actually kissing for a while.

"Wow, guys. That was a pretty long kiss for it being just a game," Stan teased. "Either of you admitting something?"

Bev giggled and shook her head.

”Just for fun,” she said, turning to make eye contact with Eddie.

Eddie quickly nodded his head and chuckled.

Finally, when everyone turned their attention away from the two of them, Eddie turned his head and mouthed “thank you” to Bev, who simply softly smiled and nodded.

Eddie suddenly realized that he hadn’t once checked Richie’s reaction to any of this yet.

He turned his head in Richie’s direction and was completely shocked at the sight he saw.

Richie was still sitting in the exact same place he has been, except this time, his arms weren’t around either of the girls. He was sitting completely still, though his hands were pulled into fists in his lap.

However, what shocked Eddie the most was Richie’s face.

He was fuming. His face was red and he was staring daggers at one person.

That person of course had to be Eddie.

Time seemed to slow down as they stared at each other. Eddie’s eyes were wide and his mouth was hanging open as Richie continued to glare at him, his breathing deep and long.

Eddie had no idea what caused Richie to suddenly look like this. None of the girls around Richie seemed to even notice how angry the boy was. They were all paying attention to the game.

Eddie suddenly felt like he couldn’t breathe. He quickly stood up and excused himself to the bathroom.

He hurried across the living room and down the hall, not bothering to glance back at Richie again.

He finally shoved himself into the bathroom, slamming the door shut behind him and leaning his back against it, shutting his eyes as he gulped in huge gasps of air.

He reached into his pocket and retrieved his inhaler, quickly shooting some of the mist down his throat. He immediately felt his chest opening up and he sighed in relief.

He walked to the sink and turned on the cold water, allowing it to run down his heated skin on his hands and arms. He allowed himself some peace and quiet when he suddenly heard the door being thrown open.

Eddie jumped in surprise and suddenly made eye contact with a furious Richie.

Eddie couldn't help but be a little nervous right now. Richie looked kind of scary.

He was still standing in the doorway, but his arms were completely tense, his hands rolled into fists, and his eyes were huge and dark, still glaring at Eddie.

"R-Richie-"

"What the fuck was that?" Richie said quietly, almost dangerously quiet.

Eddie eyes widened. He had never seen or heard Richie this angry before.

"W-what are you talking about?" Eddie managed to squeak out.

Richie slowly shook his head and walked into the bathroom, shutting the door behind him.

"What am I talking about? You mean, in the past few minutes, nothing weird or off suddenly happened? Did you have a sudden memory loss or something, Eddie?" Richie spat out.

Eddie backed up slowly, not even sure if he wanted to be around Richie right now.

"Is this about my kiss with Bev?" He quietly whispered.

"Of course it's about your fucking kiss with Beverly," Richie suddenly

exploded, throwing his arms up wildly around him.

”What the fuck was that? That kiss lasted like thirty seconds! I thought you were gay, Eddie,” Richie shouted.

He walked closer to Eddie, and Eddie immediately backed up some more in response.

”It was just a game, Richie! What does it matter to you?”

”It matters to me because you haven’t kissed anyone before and you totally allowed yourself to just throw that away by kissing Beverly Marsh of all people!”

Eddie suddenly felt himself go from being slightly afraid to angry.

”Excuse me? First of all, you were egging me on to play just as much as everyone else was so I don’t know why you’re even getting angry at the fact that I simply played the game. Second of all, it doesn’t matter who I kiss and don’t kiss. This is my life, not yours. I don’t have to ask for your permission to kiss somebody,” Eddie shouted.

He moved forward and reached his arms out to shove Richie, but Richie quickly caught his arms before he could and held them.

”You don’t fucking get it, do you? What is so bad about me, huh? Why is it so easy to throw yourself at Bev but never me?” Richie shouted, his face still red with anger.

”What the fuck are you talking about, Richie? You’re not making any fucking sense!”

”You always tell me how you would like to save your first kiss for someone special, yet the first chance you get to throw that away, you take it? What about me, huh? Didn’t you ever think that I could’ve been your first kiss?”

Eddie’s eyes widened in disbelief.

”What the fuck, Richie? Why are you getting so fucking angry over a game? And why are you suddenly saying this now? Why didn’t you say this to me like a normal person instead of right now while you’re

worked up and angry for no reason!"

Eddie squirmed to try to get his wrists out of Richie's grip but Richie was too strong. He had a vice grip and Eddie knew there was no way he would be able to get out of it.

"I was hoping the bottle would've fucking landed on me, okay?" Richie suddenly shouted.

Silence fell over the two of them.

"W-what? Why would you want that?" He asked quietly.

"Because your first kiss should be with someone who actually cares about you. Someone who you're attracted to, and someone who's attracted to you as well," Richie quietly said while staring down right into Eddie's eyes, before continuing.

"Your first kiss should've been with me," he finished, eyes wide and honest.

Eddie's eyes filled with tears but he stared down at the ground and blinked them back.

"So, you told me to play spin the bottle all because you were hoping the bottle would've landed on you?" Eddie asked in a small voice.

Richie slowly nodded.

"Eddie, you're so special to me. You're my best friend. I care about you so much more than you think. I-I....I've been..in love with you for a while now. Years, actually. But you're just so good, way too good for me. I can't be selfish and take someone as good as you for myself, when there's someone out there who actually deserves you. I-I I haven't even kissed anyone. I pretend to be a ladies man, but in fact, I couldn't care less about any of the girls I flirt with. I only do it to distract myself from wanting the one person I actually do. But...I guess just seeing you out there...kissing Bev and looking like you actually enjoyed it...it kind of hurt me a lot."

Eddie stayed silent through his whole speech, finally allowing his tears to escape from his eyes.

He inhaled shakily.

”Richie, I’ve been in love you since middle school. Everyone in the group knows it too. Everyone except you, dumbass. I didn’t want to play the game because I didn’t want my first kiss to be a drunken kiss. But I especially didn’t want to kiss someone else in front of you, Richie. I-I just saw you with those girls, and figured you didn’t care so I let myself be kissed.....which by the way, wasn’t even a real kiss,” He finished with a slight smirk.

Richie’s eyes stared at him in confusion.

”We kissed the corner of each other’s mouths, but we blocked our faces with our hands. It was just a fake kiss. Bev knows how much I love you, so she didn’t take my first kiss,” Eddie simply explained.

Richie’s eyes widened and his mouth dropped open.

”Are you serious?” He asked.

Eddie giggled and nodded.

Richie finally let go of Eddie’s wrists, but quickly put his hands on either side of Eddie’s face instead.

“So this means that-“

Eddie nodded.

”I still haven’t had my first kiss,” he finished for Richie.

Richie’s face lit up at the news, and he genuinely smiled.

Eddie has never seen such a beautiful sight.

They found themselves leaning in closer and closer, until their lips were only a few inches apart.

”Eddie,” Richie whispered, staring right into his eyes.

”Can I kiss you?” He asked while staring at Eddie’s lips now.

Eddie closed his eyes and pressed his lips to Richie’s in response.

He immediately sighed into the kiss, wrapping his arms around Richie's neck.

It was warm and chapped and Richie slightly tasted of alcohol, but it was still perfect.

Their lips moved together in perfect sync. Like they were meant to be. Eddie tangled his hair into Richie's curls and finally pulled away a few inches, resting their foreheads together.

"I love you, Eds," Richie said with such honestly that Eddie wanted to start crying again.

"I love you too, Richie."

They smiled at each other lovingly before they were both brought back to the real world by the sound of loud laughter and cheers.

"What do you say we leave this sleepover early?" Richie asked with a grin.

"Sounds perfect," Eddie immediately replied before lacing his fingers into Richie's.

They were okay. They were in love with each other.

Who knew that Spin the Bottle would finally help them realize that?

Author's Note:

> So there you guys go! I really hope you enjoyed it! Again, comments and feedback is welcomed! Thanks!